

BOARD AND ROOM  
ACCOMMODATIONS.....  
FOR DEWEY VISITORS  
WILL BE FOUND  
ON PAGE 7.

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## SHEEHAN, DEFIANT, BEARS CROKER ANEW

The Leader in the Ninth De-  
clares It Is Difficult to Hold  
the Tammany Leader to the  
Promises He Makes.

He Admits Having a Hot Ex-  
change with Croker Over the  
'Phone, but Says the Latter's  
Report of It Was Untrue.

He Brands as False the State-  
ment of the Wigwam Leader  
That There Was No Interfer-  
ence in the Ninth District.



John C. Sheehan, For of Croker.

JOHN C. SHEEHAN hit back at Richard Croker again yesterday. He was provoked by the Tammany chief's version of the now celebrated telephone interview, printed exclusively in the Journal. Until couched for by Mr. Croker, Mr. Sheehan emphatically denied that this communication took place. Having made certain that Mr. Croker had testified to the correctness of the Journal's report, Mr. Sheehan dictated the statement which follows to a Journal reporter:

"It is now generally believed throughout the city of New York that it is hard to hold Richard Croker to his word, his promise or agreement, if he wants to evade it. I have not found it necessary to use the services of a press bureau to continually proclaim to the world that I am a truthful man. Those who have had dealings with me know I am not given to uttering falsehoods; the man does not exist that can say I willfully lied to him.

**The Version of That Chat.**  
"I am satisfied that the public will take my word as readily as they will that of Richard Croker. I had a short conversation with Mr. Croker over the telephone on Thursday afternoon; the Croker version of it is incorrect. In many respects it is absolutely false. I called up the Democratic Club and asked if Mr. Croker was there. The young man who answered, said he was. I asked him to say to Mr. Croker that Mr. Sheehan desired to speak with him.

**Mr. Croker Came to the Telephone at Once.**  
"Mr. Croker came to the telephone at once," said Mr. Sheehan. "He said, 'Hello, Sheehan.'"

**His Protest by 'Phone.**  
"I then said, 'Mr. Sullivan, who lives in the Ninth District, and who was employed as deputy sheriff, was removed from office a few days before the primary election. I understand that a man has been elected for the vacancy; that he was elected to-day; but this man is not a member of the Tammany Hall organization of the district. I am identified with the organization just selected by the people, and in behalf of the organization I protest against his appointment.'"

**Denies Croker's Statement.**  
"Mr. Croker is persistently saying that he did not interfere in the district during the recent contest. The fact is that his voice and hand were recognized and seen from the beginning to the end. Mr. Croker must think the people of New York very glibly indeed if they take any stock in his denials. He knows that the whole power of the city government was used against the organization in this district. The inspectors of election selected by the regular organization were rejected, and others who it was believed, would execute work that would be rejected of them were appointed. The regular ballots of my opponent and fraudulent ballots represented as mine were delivered at the different polling places by the police. The inspectors said that the ballots were delivered to them by the police, and they refused to recognize any more. For some time they refused to accept my regular ballots. All this was contrary to law.

**Says Croker Fought Him.**  
"In striking contrast with this position, I did because I did not want to be the means of causing them to lose their places. Some took my advice; others did not and were removed. It certainly did not take much courage to stand up to Mr. Croker's pictures, and it did not take much courage to remove a local Democrat from office for a similar reason. I was not a person unknown in political warfare, the regular ticket was elected. The fight was made fairly and squarely against Mr. Croker's interference and against the interference of anybody who did not live in the district and had no right to dictate to the people. As I have said heretofore, I made no personal allusion to Mr. Croker in my talks

throughout the district. It would appear from Mr. Croker's version of the telephone story that he charged Senator Munzinger and others with attacking him and that he had secured Munzinger's nomination and such other places as I got for the district.

**"Mr. Croker Forgets."**  
"Mr. Croker forgets that this is a contradiction of his statement that he never interfered in the district. Munzinger was nominated and elected Senator in 1896, when Mr. Croker was in no way connected with the Tammany Hall organization, having resigned two years before and being at the time in England. Munzinger was renominated in 1898, as were the other Tammany Senators, because he was entitled to a renomination.

"While on this subject of patronage, I might say Mr. Croker made promises to me through carefully chosen, hand-picked, about places which were to be given to the district and made similar promises to the applicants, not one of which was carried out.

"My talk with Mr. Croker about Sullivan may be considered unwise by many, but the fact is that Mr. Croker is the leader of Tammany Hall. I am the leader of the Ninth Assembly District, and I will not permit the rights of the people of that district to be interfered with without a protest from me. I take it that it is the duty of the leader of Tammany Hall to look after the welfare of every district without favor to one as against another.

"Why did you deny that you had had any conversation with Mr. Croker over the telephone?"  
"I considered that conversation confidential, and would not have repeated it if Mr. Croker had not done so."

The statement of Mr. Sheehan was shown to Richard Croker at the Democratic Club last night. The Tammany chief read it through carefully, then, handing it to the reporter, he said, as if more amped than anything else, "I don't care to reply to that."

"Have you read Governor Roosevelt's attack on you at his Akron, Ohio, speech?" asked the reporter.

"No, what did he say?"  
"He says you are chief of the Ice Trust."

"Well, that's funny, isn't it? It looks as though Roosevelt and Frank Moss were hand in glove, doesn't it? They seem to be dreaming about me all the time—yes, dreaming about me all the time," and Mr. Croker laughed heartily.

**STATE COMPTROLLER  
WILL PROBE RAMAPO.**  
Corporation Must Make Required Report at Once or Submit to Investigation.

Albany, Sept. 24.—Comptroller William J. Morgan has promised that within a week he will take proceedings toward an investigation into the affairs of the Ramapo Water Company. He says he will do this through Walter B. Atterbury, who is his agent in New York City for investigations of corporations which have failed to pay the tax on gross earnings which the State exacts.

## "WE WILL SWEEP NEBRASKA"—BRYAN

He Predicts a Fusion  
Victory in His Own  
State.

TRIP A GREAT SUCCESS.

He Has Spoken to 100,000  
Persons on Campaign Issues  
in a Week.

Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 24.—William J. Bryan returned late last night to his home in this city for a rest over Sunday with his family from a week of spirited campaigning in his home State. He has been accompanied on his tour of speechmaking by a delegation of local Democrats, and the latter relate that everywhere the crowds have been large and the enthusiasm intense.

Mr. Bryan was in good spirits to-day over the greeting that had been accorded him during the week. When asked as to how he was impressed with the outlook he said: "I firmly believe that public sentiment is strongly on our side and that converts are being made every day. There can be no question about it. I look for the fusion forces to sweep Nebraska this Fall by a greater majority than ever."

Mr. Bryan has addressed from three to five audiences daily, and in the aggregate fully one hundred thousand people have flocked, with more eagerness than they displayed even in the memorable campaign of '96, to hear the great Democratic leader and the doctrine that he expounds.

Mr. Bryan will depart early to-morrow morning for another week's speech making in the interior of the State. The week following he will be in Texas.

## OBEYING HER CHILD SHE ROSE TO DEATH

"Keep Your Feet Going!"  
Cried the Girl Bicycle  
Teacher.

CART BARRED THE WAY.

"It Was My Fault!" Sobbed  
Helen Mook Over Her  
Mother's Body.

To be giving her mother a bicycle lesson—this was the greatest triumph Helen Mook had achieved in all her twelve years. She had turned the tables, and now it was her part to be authoritative, maternal.

"Don't look down at the wheel!" she commanded, as she ran alongside with a firm hold of the saddle. "Keep your eyes straight ahead, and then it won't wobble!"

People in Grand avenue, Metuchen, N. J., paused and smiled at this spectacle of the veterinary surgeon's wife surrendering herself like a child to the tuition of her daughter—timorously anxious to obey the proud little maid whose loosened hair was flying in a cloud behind her.

Mrs. Mook was proud, too. It had been

## GRANDDAUGHTER OF GEN. GRANT NOW A PRINCESS OF RUSSIA.



PRINCE CANTACUZENE



THE BRIDE.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SERVICE.

THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.

THE KISS OF LOVE.

Newport, Sept. 24.—In the eyes of the law—more so, in the eyes of the Church—Julia Dent Grant to-night became the Princess Cantacuzene. Through the ritual of the Russian Church she was as inevitably bound to her betrothed as any ceremonial could make her. To-morrow's marriage is only a mere tribute to her faith. In its passages no clause, no bond exists that can bind her closer to the man with whom to-night she pledged her faith, for the ceremony was exact and absolute.

It was a solemn occasion, and perhaps a little sad. But the bride, though pensively quiet, wore a radiant happiness. She realized, though strangely enough many of the guests did not, that the approaching ceremonial would, indeed, join her to the man she loved. So she was prepared, and even the tears that came were with smiles, and thus all passed cheerily.

Again a dinner preceded the ceremony. But this time it was for the household only. The guests bidden to the Russian wedding came later—at 8:20 p. m., to be exact. Long before they came both Miss Grant and the Prince were prepared for the ordeal of congratulations, and at the same time the well-bred though vigorous scrutiny of the guests.

**All Stood at Ceremony.**  
When all were assembled, Mrs. Palmer gave the signal to arise. The doors between the white salon and an adjoining drawing-room were thrown open and the party was ushered within. At first sight one was struck by the curious condition of the room. It was bare of chairs, for those attending were expected to stand during the ceremony.

At one end, and facing the guests, was the altar, flanked by pictures of the Saints. Upon it lay the Book of Gospels, while the light of six candles hovered before it. Around about the walls, in the corners and in front of the windows, was a wealth of flowers, palms and ferns, while through an alcove at one side came the strains of music from an orchestra concealed behind a hedge of greenery.

The guests hardly had sought their places when Father Hotoitzky solemnly raised one hand as in a benediction. Instantly the murmuring the rustle of gowns and all the other subdued sounds subsided, while the strains of music changed into the wedding march from "Lohengrin."

The bride was coming.  
At the head of the hallway she appeared, pale, yet with a faint smile hovering upon her lips. She leaned upon the arm of her brother, Ulysses, grandson of the great old warrior, and slowly the two walked toward the altar. There waited the priest, his hands clasped before him, his rosy cheeks gleaming in the fashion of the church. Her eyes steadfast before her, she walked between the double ranks of watchers, and close behind came the Prince.

Her gown was beautiful. Though severely cut its richness more than compensated, its sweeping lines, the long train and the veil of little giving a sense of grandeur. Its fabric was the richest satin, white and heavy. Its sleeves were long and of narrow